CLASSIFIED

PROFILE #: 12031941
REAL NAME: James Buchanan Barnes
AKA: Captain America

After the murder of Steve Rogers, the man who was Captain America, Cap's former partner during World War II, James "Bucky" Barnes, agreed to don the mantle. And even as he struggles with the sins he committed as the Winter Soldier, the Soviet mercenary he was brainwashed into becoming during the Cold War, the new Captain America finds his pasts as both Bucky and the Winter Soldier colliding with his present.

In 1942, Cap and Bucky were part of a secret operation to rescue top Chinese scientist Professor Zhang Chin, a 12-year-old super-genius. They escaped unharmed, but not without leaving a lasting impression on both the boy himself and the shadowy figures who held him.

Now, Batroc the Leaper, a French mercenary, is called in to steal an item of value from the U.N. on behalf of a powerful and dark organization, with, as Captain America is about to find out, very long memories...

TIME'S ARROW - PART 2 OF 3

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Captain America created by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby

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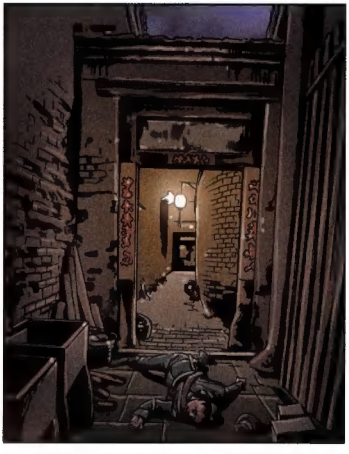
Beijing--1968
"AND SO YOU UNDERSTAND THE PARAMETERS OF THE MISSION, WINTER SOLDIER?"

OF COURSE, SIR.
IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE WE AVOID AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT HERE...
USSR

"...WE CANNOT AGITATE THE CHINESE AT THIS TIME."

"DON'T WORRY, SIR. NO ONE WILL SEE ME..."

"...NO ONE WHO LIVES."



AND THE TARGET...I HATE TO GIVE THIS ONE UP.
UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I WOULD HAVE YOU BRING HIM TO US.
"BUT I'M AFRAID THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION NOW..."
NO... I'M AFRAID PROFESSOR ZHANG CHIN MUST DIE.

New York City—Today
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, OLLIE?
I MEAN I'M LUCKY TO STILL HAVE A JOB AT ALL.
I EXPECTED SOME GUFF FOR BRINGING IN UNREGISTERED HEROES, BUT... REASSIGNMENT TO THE MADRIPOOR DESK...?
THAT'S LIKE THEY'RE BEGGING ME TO RESIGN.
DAMN IT. I DIDN'T MEAN FOR THAT TO HAPPEN.
AND IT SHOULDN'T HAVE. IT'S A DRASTIC OVERREACTION.
SO WHAT ARE THEY COVERING UP?
THAT'S WHAT I'M THINKING, TOO.
THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TIP YOU OFF BEFORE MY FLIGHT OUT.

SEE, IT WASN'T ABOUT YOU, WIDOW...
THEY WERE JUST GRILLING ME ABOUT CAP HERE.
ME?
WHAT DID YOU SEE? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
HOW MUCH DID I SHOW YOU?
WHATEVER'S GOING ON, THERE'S SOMETHING THEY REALLY DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT IN THAT DATABASE...
WAIT. THE U.N. IS HIDING SOMETHING FROM ME?
YEAH. AND MY GUT SAYS IT'S THE SAME INTEL BATROC WAS TARGETING...
AND WHATEVER THE HELL THAT IS...I KNOW I'D RATHER HAVE YOU TWO FIND IT FIRST.

SO WHAT IS IT? DO YOU THINK THEY KNOW WHO I REALLY AM?
OR WHAT I USED TO BE? HAS THAT LEAKED OUT?
NO, JAMES...IT'S NOT THAT. IT CAN'T BE.
FURY SCRUBBED ALL TRACE OF THE WINTER SOLDIER'S EXISTENCE BEFORE HE LEFT S.H.I.E.L.D...
AND TONY STARK COVERED UP EVERYTHING ELSE. I VERIFIED THAT PERSONALLY.
SO, WHAT DOESN'T THE U.N. WANT CAPTAIN AMERICA TO KNOW ABOUT THEN?
I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT...I'LL FOLLOW THE INTEL. YOU TRACK THE MERCENARIES..
YOU REMEMBER HOW TO DO THAT, RIGHT?
YEAH... I THINK I CAN HANDLE IT.
GOOD, THEN...
...I'LL CALL YOU.

WIDOW'S TEASING ASIDE, TRACKING FREELANCE MERCENARIES WAS SOMETHING I KNEW EXACTLY HOW TO DO...
SKKASSHH
FROM ONE OF MY PREVIOUS LIVES.
SHOT LOCK
JUST TALK, MURPHY... THIS IS MY THIRD STOP ON THE BLACK MARKET ALREADY...
JOIN ARMY
...AND I'M GETTING TIRED OF ASKING THE SAME QUESTION.
KRAK
ONE'A YOU--GET THIS PIECE OF $#@%!

SMAKK
WHAKK
SKRCSHH
YOU-- KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, MURPHY...DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME?
...OH...OH GOD...
THEY... THEY SAID YOU WAS DEAD...
NOT EVEN CLOSE.

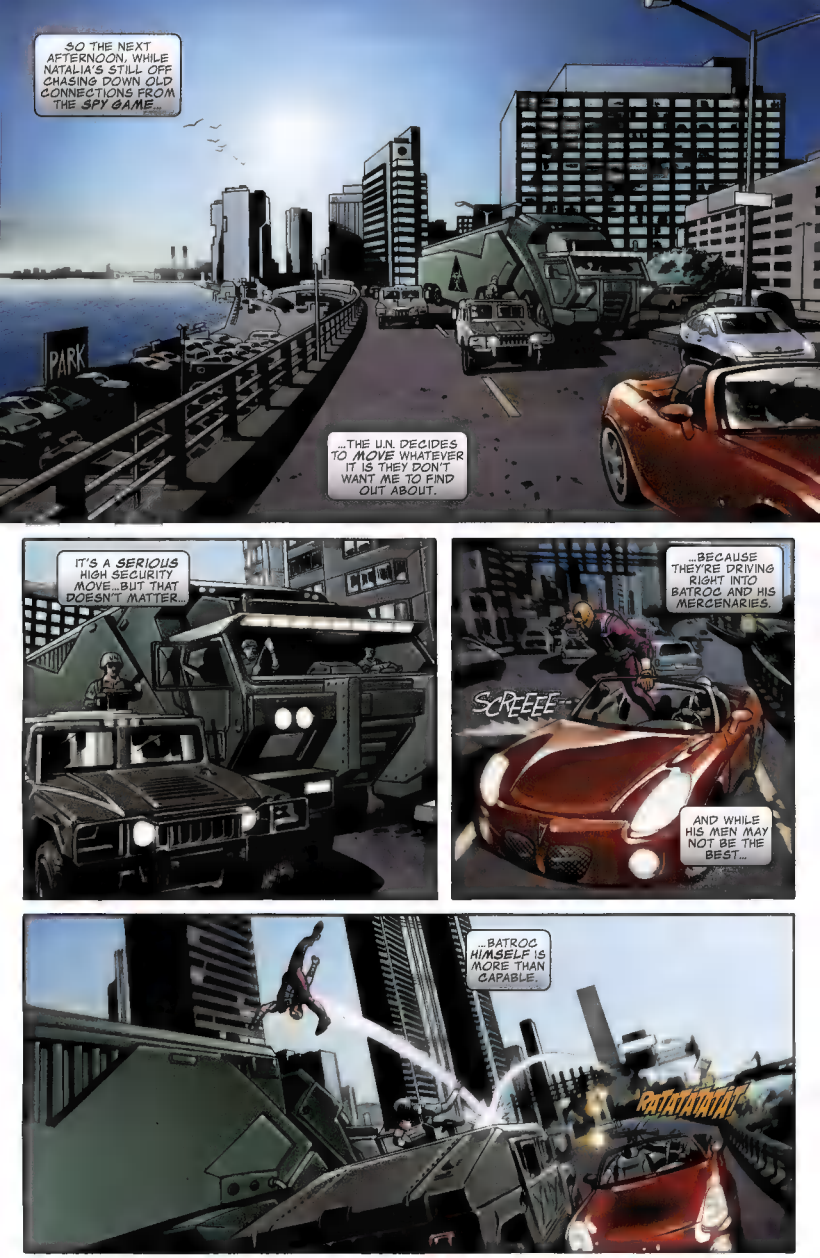
NOW WHO'S WORKING WITH BATROC, AN' WHERE THE HELL DO I FIND THEM?
I DON'T KNOW--I HEARD MAYBE SOME GUY, GRIFFIN... EX-SPECIAL FORCES.
GUY WAS IN HERE BUYING SOME HARDWARE THE OTHER DAY...
I SWEAR, THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
IT HAD BETTER BE...
...I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO COME DOWN HERE AGAIN.
IT STINKS DOWN HERE, MURPHY. FIND A NEW CAREER.
WE DON'T CALL 911
...FIND A NEW CAREER...?
CREEZUS, BOSS...WHO WAS THAT?
YOU DON'T KNOW ALREADY, TRUST ME... YOU DON'T WANNA...

...PLEASE... I DON'T WANNA-- I DON'T WANNA DIE...
DON'T BE OVERLY DRAMATIC, DOCTOR PENFIELD...
THIS IS A NEGOTIATION, NOT A MURDER. NOT AS OF YET.
WE AREN'T TERRORISTS, WE DON'T KILL FOR SPECTACLE...AND WE DIDN'T PICK YOU AT RANDOM.
YOUR FATE IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU.
WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU WANT-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YOU WORK AT SEVERAL UNITED NATIONS FACILITIES, DOCTOR... AND SOMETHING MY EMPLOYER WANTS IS IN ONE OF THEM.
YOU'RE THE SCIENTIST HERE...
...I'M SURE, AS THEY SAY... YOU CAN DO THE MATH.

RRINNNGG
RINNNGG
YES? IS IT DONE?
INDEED, AND IT'S AS WE SUSPECTED...THEY'RE MOVING THE PACKAGE TOMORROW, TO A SAFER LOCATION.
WE CAN STRIKE WHEN THEY ARE ON THE MOVE.
VERY GOOD THEN, MISTER BATROC... SO WE SHALL.
AND DID YOU LEAVE A CLEAR TRAIL FOR THIS CAPTAIN AMERICA TO FOLLOW?
AH...OUI, MONSIEUR... OUI...

FINDING AN ADDRESS ON A MERC NAMED GRIFFIN ISN'T THAT DIFFICULT.
BALI FOOD CORPORATION
EX-SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS GET REGULAR MAIL FROM THE GOVERNMENT.
AND THAT'S NOT HARD TO TRACK.
THIS GRIFFIN'S LOST HIS EDGE... LET HIMSELF TURN INTO A SLOB.
I GUESS BATROC WILL TAKE WHOEVER HE CAN GET.
BUT THEN, IF GRIFFIN WERE A REAL SOLDIER, HE WOULDN'T BE DOING IT FOR THE MONEY.

SNEAKING AROUND IN THE DARK, WORKING THE UNDERGROUND...
IT FEELS MORE NATURAL THAN IT SHOULD THESE DAYS.
LETTING MY REP AS THE WINTER SOLDIER WORK FOR ME... HAVEN'T DONE THAT IN A LONG TIME.
I HATE THAT PART OF MY PAST, BUT I CAN'T DENY IT HAS ITS USES.
AND ONE THING I LEARNED IN THE WAR... YOU USE WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO TO GET THE JOB DONE.
ANOTHER THING I'VE LEARNED OVER THE YEARS?
AND... HERE WE GO...
SOLDIERS GET *PREDICTABLE* WHEN THEY GET LAZY.
Park
Upper East Side
Long Island City
Sunnyside
Williamsburg


SO THE NEXT AFTERNOON, WHILE NATALIA'S STILL OFF CHASING DOWN OLD CONNECTIONS FROM THE SPY GAME...
PARK
...THE U.N. DECIDES TO MOVE WHATEVER IT IS THEY DON'T WANT ME TO FIND OUT ABOUT.
IT'S A SERIOUS HIGH SECURITY MOVE...BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER.
...BECAUSE THEY'RE DRIVING RIGHT INTO BATROC AND HIS MERCENARIES.
SCREEEE...
AND WHILE HIS MEN MAY NOT BE THE BEST...
...BATROC HIMSELF IS MORE THAN CAPABLE.
RATATATATAT!

BUT THIS TIME... I'M READY FOR HIM.
IN FACT...
SHWNK
...I'M EVEN LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.
VRROOOOHM

AHH... MERDE.
KA-WHAMM
UHNN!
BRATATATATATATA
BLAM BLAM BLAM

KRAKK
SHUUNK

I'M APPRECIATING THIS REMATCH A BIT TOO MUCH.
BUT BATROC MAKES IT FEEL LIKE A SPORT.

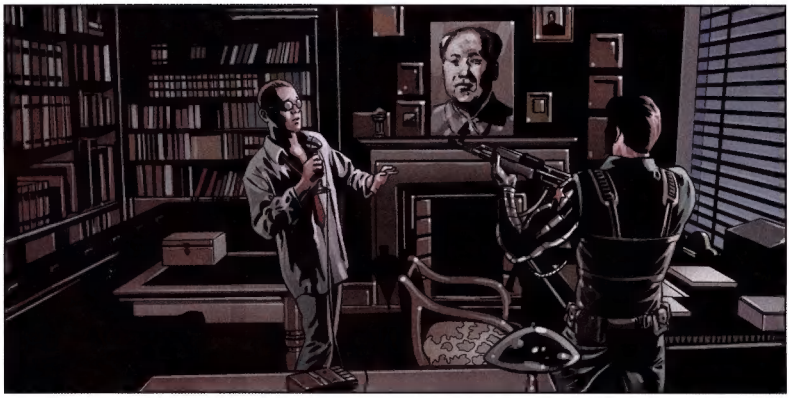
SMAK!
SO I ALMOST FORGET ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS CONTENTS OF THIS TRANSPORT.

AND I ALMOST DON'T REALIZE THAT BATROC KNOWS THIS IS A REMATCH, TOO...
(SO, THIS TIME YOU PUT UP MORE OF A STRUGGLE, EH?)

...WHICH MEANS GRIFFIN WASN'T JUST A LAZY SLOB...
RATATATATATATA
SKRRRRRRRCH
...SOMEBODY WANTED ME HERE.
GAAHHH!
KRAAK
KA-WHUMMP

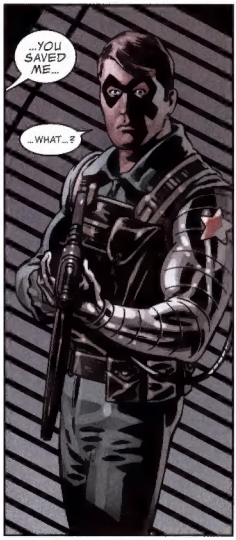
OW OW OW OW---
SKRREEEE...
SKRRASSHH
WHO... WHO THE HELL ARE...?
OH... DON'T TELL ME YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME...
WAIT A MINUTE... WAIT...

Beijing--1968
<...AND THE CHAIRMAN THOUGHT MY VIEWS, WHILE VALID, WERE TOO REVOLUTIONARY, EVEN FOR HIM.>
<EVEN HE CANNOT FACE WHAT IS COMING. WHAT WE KNOW IS COMING.>
<EVEN HE CANNOT FACE FACTS.>
<HUMANKIND WILL DESTROY THIS PLANET...WE WILL BLEED IT DRY LIKE A CANCER...>
<WE WILL-->



WAIT.
I KNOW YOU.

FROM THE WAR... FROM LONG AGO...
YOU WERE CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FRIEND...


...YOU SAVED ME...
...WHAT...?

...YOU... KNOW ME...?
AND YOU COME TO DO ME IN? NOW... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...?
<NO. HE WON'T KILL YOU, PROFESSOR...>
<...NO ONE'S GOING TO TOUCH YOU.>
<NOT AS LONG AS I'M HERE.>
To Be Continued...

ESTIMATED
OCP
PROPHET